* DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY* ...

It's A Mighty Good World After All

the hospital and may not come back. How bright the oun shines, how blue the waters gleam, how sweet the roses blow.

Last night the stars were like great silver lamps set high in the velvet canopy of the sky, and the moon was silver, too, and veiled now and then with gossamer and white.

The sea gulls flew high above the balcony, flying west to the beach. That means a storm, they say, at sea. The great city roared below at the foot of the hill, like some giant tiger held but lightly in leash, and from the garden came the call of children playing in the fragrant starlight. The books, too, on the table out

there on the friendly porch. What good companions they have been-how patient with every mood, how full of quiet company. How many people have read

There's to be a party next week-old friends and new ones going to the

woods for a few days in the green of growing things. I shall not be with them; I wonder if they will miss me, and wish me well. Will They Remember?

That woman who came to see me yesterday-she's always seemed such a gay, light-hearted little thing, not much depth to her-somehow she was different yesterday. She talked softly of old friends and old memories, and her eyes were full of kindness. I wonder if she suspects?

Has she ever been sentenced to the hospital, and did she go smiling. with a dull pain at her heart? Perhaps that was why she was so kind. We have so little imagination, we poor mortals. If we have never been through a thing ourselves, we know so little how to sympathize.

What shall I do about the children? Shall I tell them where I am going. and bid good-by No-what's the use? If it all turns out well, why shadow them with

If ill-but what is ill, after all? No one can live forever. It is only answering the call a little sooner, that is all. But. oh! there is so much to do-

And who will go on with it if I am gone? The little girl who loves me so, who will lead her in the gentle path that means happiness? Who will tame her wild heart and teach her patience to go along with the splendid courage that is hers? No one understands her as

do; no one will ever love her as I do. The boy is different. Life will always some easy to him. He is always contented, always happy, always joyous. He will not go as far in the world se the girl, but what pleasant, safe and profitable paths there are he will

find to walk in-bless his loving, contented little heart Will he remember, I wonder?-he is so little now. Do you remember people clearly that you knew when you were five years old? What did they mean when they kissed you and held you close to their heart? You wondered why they were so little interested in dolls and kites and things, and if you had dreamed that you would ever grow to be like them, old and quiet and a little sad, your heart would have broken then and there.

Just to Sleep.

What a brave thing life was going to be to you, when you were five-do you remember? Either you were going to be a missionary or-a circus rider.

You never could make up your mind which. It would be fine to sing to the heathen in his blindness, and to live where there were paim trees and wild cocoanuts, and where you could wear clothes that looked like the picturies in the big Bible that your grandmother let you look at on Sundays. But think of the rapture of rose pink petticoats of tulle, and a snow white horse with a pink plume in his forelock, and all the girls you went to Sunday school with standing humbly on the sidewalk to see you pass in glory and in grandeur.

And you were going to be so good always, so generous, and so full of courage, and so gay and light of heart.

No failures for you, no mistakes, no hour of bitter loneliness. All roses, all sunshine-the path ahead.

but, oh! there were roses, too. Thre have been storms, but what is life without them?

The splendor of the thunder and the glory of the lightning-how dull the long summer would be if there were no storms to stir it. Love, friendship, feith, fidelity-these things have all walked with you,

too, dear friends of faithful hearts. How many people have you ever known who were really not kind to you? I have lived a long time, it seems to me, and I can count but three in all my life-three treacherous failures-poor things: poor things: I am glad I have no tragic treachery of mine to look back upon today, when I am under sentence-to the hospital.

Good-by, old world-for a little-"We'll see." says the doctor, "we'll see."

Well, we shall see-and we will smile to see-whatever it may be. For, after all, the future is like the past. Never has there been anything that I could not bear-so it is in nature.

When the strain becomes too hard-we fall asleep.

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Retrenching vs. Saving By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK.

Author of "The New Housekeeping

N many families, father is coming home at night nowadays saying that "This is going to be a hard year. We must economize. Our household expenses must be cut down." Then possibly mother repeats mournully, or fussily, according to her temperament: "But I can't cut down a single thing. Why don't you smoke fewer cigars or shave ourself instead of spending so much

at the barber" Father really doesn't need to give up his cigars if mother will n decide to save instead of making the entire family retrench. I distinguish hetween these two terms, retrenchcoing meaning cutting down in the amount of buying done, while sav-

ing means more efficient buying and less waste The need is not that in view of the present outlook that less buying be done, that intelligent buy-ing be practiced. Neither mother

family need buy less because of the times. But

there should be better buying, with the idea of less wasting. How many women know the average amount of sugar, rice, or other staple they use in a week or month? How few women know exactly the amount that serves their definite family for one meal? Have they ever measured the number of spoons of coffee in a pound, or whether it takes one cup of rice for their family or a cup and a half? I know very few, indeed, who have so "standardized" the amounts necessary for their particular table. And because there is ne such standardization they both buy by guess and cook by guess. This results in surplus material which cannot be utilized, or which is not enough for another meal. On the other hand, I know a housekeeper who knows exactly that one pound coffee lasts her a month; that

one cup of rice is sufficient for her family; that one-half pound of spaghetti is the right amount; that she uses three pounds of sugar a

Because she knows these and many other details, she buys more intelligently and cooks with less waste. Since she knows that one cup of rice is enough for one meal, she freqently cooks two cups, having a second definite meal in mind, thus using only one fuel for two servings. How different this is from the uhual manner of cooking any guessed amount, then having a small portion "left over" which is not enough for one meal, which the woman does not know how to utilize and which, hence, goes into the garbage pail. Another way of standardizing supplies in cooking, is to estimate how much each recipe makes and write down this amount after the recipe, especially if it he a new one, In this way, more accurate estimates an be male, and less waste result. The same idea can be carried out very considerably in the buying of meats. Talking to a butcher the other day he deplored the way most women buy only for the day. If they knew the amounts and planned alread, they would buy a piece of lamb which would do for chops, for

lamb which would do for chops, for soup, and for a small piece of stuffed roast all at once, at a saving of from 2 to 4 cents per pound So, too, instead of buying a steak with a small, useless tail piece, they would buy a pound more at the same time, have the tail and this piece chopped together, and in that way have a second meal. Again, how few women study market prices. How few of them change their dealer or visit other dealers to see what other prices are current. No business man would think of continually buying his raw products from one buying his raw products from one firm unless he first got "quotations" from other concerns. Yet, too aften the housewife continues in the same of one store without having

made inquiries cisewhere.

It is not necessary to buy less in order to economize. But it is most vitally necessary to buy more intel-ligently. If efficiency means any ngently. If efficiency means any one thing it means saving and not waste.

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By Annette Bradshaw

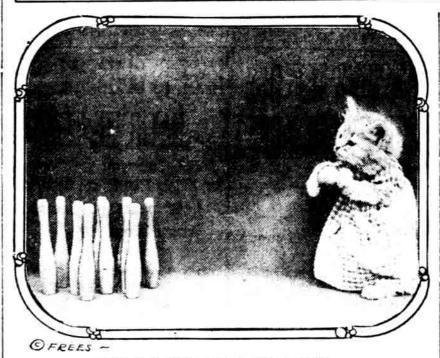
COULD WE BUT SEE OURSELVES



THE THIN ONE THE FAT ONE

"Poor thing! Isn't it a pity some one doesn't tell her how unbe coming this style is for her? Thank goodness, I'm not built on those lines!"

THE TIMES BEDTIME STORY



TESSIE AND THE TENPINS. By FLORENCE E. YODER.

NE of the most delightful toys that ever found its way to Table land, was a set of tenpins, or at least so the Tabbyland folks thought. Teddy and Towns and all of the other boys used to play with them one evening after the other, and made so numb noise that at last Mrs. Tables

to tench them

fortisde them to use them any ton-The girls did not like the tengins, I hear that hall rell over the floor

and never even wanted to play with them. Tessie and Tottle had other things to amuse them, and if Mrs. Tabby had not forb-dden the boys to play with them any longer Tessie would perhaps have never thought

The boys usually played in an upper room and the colling hall made so much noise that it was impos-ble to be confortable at all in the

Three Minute Journeys WHERE MEN PRAY WITH WHEELS

By TEMPLE MANNING

A Tibetan Prayer Wheel. out of the bazaar district, I turned a ing his way down the road.

ing against the wall.

wonderful things his poverty would not A Tibetan Prayer Wheel.

HE strangest labor-saving device I have ever seen I beheld for the first time on the busy streets of a his wheel as he saw the sights. From tty in northern China. Coming far-off Tibet he had brought it, pray-

In the religion of the Tibetan the

once again," said Mrs. Tabby to Tom and Ted and Binkle, "I will take the whole set away for good. And the person whom I catch will get a sound spanking." get a sound spanking."

Now Tessie was in the next room, and she heard part of what Mrs. Tabby said, but she did not hear the last sentence. If she had she would not have gone directly after those tenpins. For that is what she did. She peeked and listened, and watch ed and wated and that very after-noon, as soon as the coast was clear she slipped ever so quietly up the stairs, and took out the tenpins Then she cautiously arranged them on the floor, then she took a step back, and began to play.

At first she did not hear any noise

At first she did not hear any noise downstairs and thought that there was no one in the house to hear her, and gradually she became more hold, and took less trouble about rolling the ball. First she had just rolled it, but after a while she found that it was a great deal more fun to throw it. Now a heavy wooden ball makes enough noise when it is rolled but every time she threw it. Trassie made a noise which sounded as sie made a noise which sounded as if the whole house was coming down

So she did not even hear some one come up the steps and listen at the door, nor did she hear the door open. She was having too good a time. Mrs. Tabby stepped in the room and was beside Tessie before room and was beside Tessie before that kitty girl knew anything about it. It was rather dark, and Mrs. Tabby did not know for a moment whether it was a kitty girl or kitty boy who stood there. She reached out grabbed the small person by the collar and whirled around—which was the more surprised Tessie, or her mather?

"Why Tessie" errod Mrs. Tabby. "I did not dream that you—what a very small person to make such an awful noise." Tessie was frightened nearly to death, for she did not know what was going to happen to her. Her mouth hung open, and she was too startled to cry, and looked so really pittful that Mrs. Tabby did not have the heart to spank her. I really cannot do it," she thought as she went down the stairs with the trembling kitty girl.

But Tom and Tell and heard the noise, and they knew that Mrs. Tabby had promised to punish the one who disobeyed. They gathered about Mrs. Tabby and Tessie. They looked very expectant, and finkle came in and asked outright. Well—are you going to spank her?" To keep her word. Mrs. Tabby turned her over her knee, but after she had spanked just once and then looked up, everybody decided that she had given Tessie enough! given Tessie enough

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A Never Failing Way to Banish Ugly Hairs

Peter's Adventures Matrimony By LEONA DALRYMPLE the Green Van." awarded a priso of \$10,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure as judges.

LVHI.
THE "CLEAN-UP" SOCIETY.

ARY is very busy. For days now I have seen her bustling prettily about, scribbling occasional notes on a pad. Automobiles call for her frequently, and, altogether, she seems very

"Mary," I inquired one night, "what's up, anyway? You're by far the busiest erson in the family." Mary glowed.

"Peter," she exclaimed naively, "I've ust been wondering if you'd notice how dreadfully busy I really am. I honestly have waited. You know lots of people teil how men never notice what their wives are about, and I made up my

I inquired again what a clean-up society was.

It's for the purpose of cleaning up the town in general," explained Mary, not intending, I'm sure, to be slangy, "To see that there are no stray papers lying about the streets and all that sort of thing. The high school boys and girls are helping us and we're having a most wonderul time. I do enjoy it. It makes one feel so important and necessary. Yesterday we had a most disagreeable time with a saloonkeeper who left horrid smelly beer kegs lined along the sidewalk. Really, Peter, I do distinction, and Mary went on cleaning I smiled at this somewhat doubtful distinction, and Mary went on cleaning I smiled at this somewhat doubtful distinction, and Mary went on cleaning I smiled at this somewhat doubtful distinction, and Mary went on cleaning I smiled at this somewhat doubtful distinction, and Mary went on cleaning I smiled at this somewhat doubtful distinction, and Mary went on cleaning I smiled at this somewhat doubtful distinction, and Mary went on cleaning I smiled at this somewhat doubtful distinction, and Mary went on cleaning I smiled at this somewhat doubtful distinction, and Mary went on cleaning I smiled at this somewhat doubtful distinction, and Mary went on cleaning I smiled at this somewhat doubtful distinction, and Mary went on cleaning I smiled at this somewhat doubtful distinction, and Mary went on cleaning I smiled at this somewhat doubtful distinction, and Mary went on cleaning I smiled at this somewhat doubtful distinction, and Mary went on cleaning I smiled at this somewhat doubtful distinction, and Mary went on cleaning I smiled at this somewhat doubtful distinction, and Mary went on cleaning I smiled at this somewhat doubtful distinction, and Mary went on cleaning I smiled at this somewhat doubtful distinction, and Mary went on cleaning I smiled at this somewhat doubtful distinction. The men is the untrained who "cure" call all such things cancers. Extracted the untrained who "cure" call all such things cancers. Extracted the untrained who "cur

distinction, and Mary went on cleaning up the town a commendable enough ambition perhaps, but one likewise fraught with disastrous consequences to fraught with disastrous consequences to my busy little wife.

One morning the telephone at my office rang, and when I answered it somthing suspiciously like a sob came over the wire.

"Oh, Peter!" walled my wife.

"For heaven's sake. Mary," I gasped in alarm, "what's happened?"

"I-I've been arrested."

"Arrested."

"Yes-and I'm home now-and-and

Yes-and I'm home now-and-and

"Tell me what has happened. Mary," exclaimed sharply, "and don't be so sterical. Why were you arrested?" vsterical. hysterical. Why were you arrested?

"It's about the clean-up society," wailed Mary. "I—I've been hurrying around making people clean-up in Mrs. Brown's auto. and—and while I was gone a horrid man came sneaking and spying about the house and found I'd forgotten to put my ash can lid on. I carried something out and forgot—and, oh. Peter! he made the most horrible fuss, just because there were a few files choosing?

fuss, just because there were a few flies and things buzzing about.

'He spoke of typhoid and ash-can regulations, and when I told him politely enough that I'd been so busy I had forgotten just this once, he grew most offensive and suggested that if one were running a clean-up society the best thing was to enforce its principles at home first. He's the saloon man who had the beer kegs about, and, oh. Peter! will you come home now? I—I may have to go to jail. I think he said—
I laughed at the absurdity of Mary

the spoke of typhoid and ash-can regulations. It is is the said—
'Loughed and the said—'I have been the said—'I laughed at the absurdity of Mary the said—'I laughed at the said—'I laughed at the absurdity of Mary the said—'I laughed at the absurdity of Mary the said—'I laughed at the said—'I laughed I laughed at the absurdity of Mary jail over an ash can cover, but Copyright, 1914. Newspaper Feature Service.

Hits From Sharp Wits. Who wants always his own way is soon left to travel alone.

Youth has a habit of being amazed the folly of older persons.

When a man comes to know himself well his conceit disappears.—Albany Journal.

Monuments to really great men are Even the self-made man owes still

debt to Opportunity .- Albany Jour-The nations that want peaceful neutrality have to fight for it.-Baltimore

The men of few thoughts far out-number the men of few words.

He who opens his mouth too much may have to close it for repairs.-Desc-

When it comes to bearing wars greatest burdens, it's another case of "comen and children first."—Columbia State.

The trouble with an autocrat is that nobody has the nerve to tell him that he is rocking the boat. Boston Tran-

To find excuses for errors likewis a human; to accept them is almost divine

The Water of Eternal Youth'

The beauties of the Austrian court

The beauties of the Austrian court used a lotion which was so effectual in keeping the face smooth and free from wrinkles, even in the agod, they named it the "water of eternal youth." wheel, and every once in a while he would give it a turn, which caused it to revolve rapidly to the sound of a small bell that tinkled above the street noises. And while he prayed by proxy he stared at the strange sights about him with open mouth.

Everything was new to him in this crowded city, and he was feasting his conded city, and he was feasting his eyes on the brightly-colored clother of the passers-by, the ornamented hard restricted in praying is being done for him while passers of the prancing horses and all the control of the passers of the prancing horses are likely some of the passers of the prancing horses are likely some of the passers of the prancing horses are at any time. It is advisable to always have some delatone powder at any time. It is advisable to always have some delatone powder and the control of the control of the control of the control of the passers of the prancing horses are likely some of the passers

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why the Surgeon's Knife Is Only Cure for Cancer

By Dr. LEONARD KEE, HIRSHBERG A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins).

F you are a woman over thirty, at the next gathering of sixteen members of your sewing circle, or "tha dansant," tell them that two of the party will die of cancer. That is, if they do not mark and inwardly remember the earliest signs, two women in each "oystershuckers" dozen will fall victims to this scourge.

Moreover, one man in each dozen must die of it. Briefly, of twelve laborers, financiers, editors, bookkeepers, merchants or others of the male division gathered to-Yet there is hope at last even for the "one in twelve"

gether, one must succumb to this mysterious malady. and the "two in sixteen." Dr. Joseph C. Bloodgood, the great surgeon of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, has found that, incurable and ghoulish as cancer is once it has a foothold, yet it is absolutely preventable in 100 per cent DR. HIRSHBERG

of the instances studied, when discovered in its earliest

handed down since pre-bacteriological days, is responsible for the increase, the widespread prevalence and the growing malignancy of little neglected "pimples," "warts," "tumors" and "overgrowths." There are no medicinal cures for can- cancers, especially in the beginning.

stages and boldly, bravely, without pride, prejudice or reluctance, cut away.

The age-old and superstitious fear of the surgeon's scalpel, a tradition

mind I'd wait until you asked me.

"Well," I hinted mildly, "I certainly have noticed considerable activity of an er-hun-undomestic nature. I attribute a certain hole in my left sock and the fact that the laundry is late to some of it."

Mary frowned.

"The whole truth of the matter. Peter," she exclaimed, proudly, "is that I belong to a clean-up society."

What, "I ventured to inquire, "is a "What," I ventured to inquire, "is a in order be
"The whole truth of the matter, "Is it a pledge for all in order be
"What," I ventured to inquire, "is a side and have the "cancer" or the "Uti-fling" thing removed by the knife.

"Water a cancer and which the very straw which to broke the health-camel's back. I was taken in by one once myself.

Even the most expert pathologist in the world cannot always tell a simple, seemingly unimportant bit of flesh from a cancer. Therefore, distrust all good physicians and all amateur specialists.

Err quickly and at once on the safe side and have the "cancer" or the "Uti-fling" thing removed by the knife.

Newadays no one dies by the knife.

Answers to Health

clean-up society? Is it a pledge for all women to keep their homes in order before they undertake to do anythins else?"

Mary flushed.

"Peter." she said, with dignity. "that's one of those horrid male things men say when they think they're sarcastic. That wasn't at all what I meant. And, besides, most of the women in the society are not situated as I am. THEY have maids."

What mere man ean reply to that economic reproach. THEY have maids. I inquired again what a clean-up society was.

"It's for the purpose of cleaning up the town in general." explained Mary,

Ouestions

A suppository made of alum, cala-mine, nutgall, and carbolated oil will relieve this.

* Advice to Girls *

Dear Annie Laurie: We are two sisters, and we are in deep perplexity. Lately a very nice young gentleman has been visiting us, and we are both in love with him. ors, and the other has none. Should the one who has so many encourage

his attentions?
The oldest is twenty and the other eighteen. The one who is eighteen

has lots of lovers.
TWIN PANSIES. ELL. Twinnies, it seems to me the young man is the one to decide this position. Why

don't you let him do the "Lots of lovers"-how interesting. So it isn't this particular man that you want, eider sister, it's just a sweet-heart-any sweetheart. Well, I don't know as I blame you. Why don't you run away from this young man as fast as you can every time he tries to be nice to you. Maybe he'd run after

Specious-Dieting and exercise are the cest methods of reducing weight. Eat sparingly but regularly. Omit bread, potatoes, rice, sweets, and starchy food in general. Eat lean

Miss Laurie volunteers to advise young people on matters of the heart. She cannot answer general questions. Questions pertaining to health should be addressed to Dr. Hirshberg, Care The Times Office; miscellaneous questions to The Times Question Pox. Letters received by Miss Laurie from "Spacious," "B. D. B.," and "Perplexed" will be answered today in the Question Box, but hereafter no attention will be paid to letters unless properly ad-



We will cash in your old jewelry. gold and silver or will allow full value in exchange for new goods. We have a French artist who will furnish you original designs for

Adolph Kahn

meats, plenty of fruit, salads, and green vegetables. Use zweibach instead of bread and saccharine instead of sugar. Take plenty of regular exercise. Dance and play tennis if possible, and, above all, walk constantly and regularly. B. D. B.-There follows a reprint

of the stamp language: Upside down on left corner-I love Left corner crosswise-My heart is Straight up and down-Good-by,

Upside down on right corner-Write no more.

In top of middle-Yes. In top of bottom-No. In right-hand corner at right angles-Do you love me? In left-hand corner at right angles-I hate you.
Top corner at right-I wish your

friendship.
On line with surname-Accept my Same upside down-I am engaged. Same at right angles-I long to

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Miss Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine inter-

est from young women readers of this paper and will reply to them in these columns. They should be addressed to

columns. They shoul her, care this office.

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Just a look at our new fall lines of furniture will give you a longing to see some of these wonderfully pretty pieces in your home.

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